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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 49

No.

3

AUGUST, 1916

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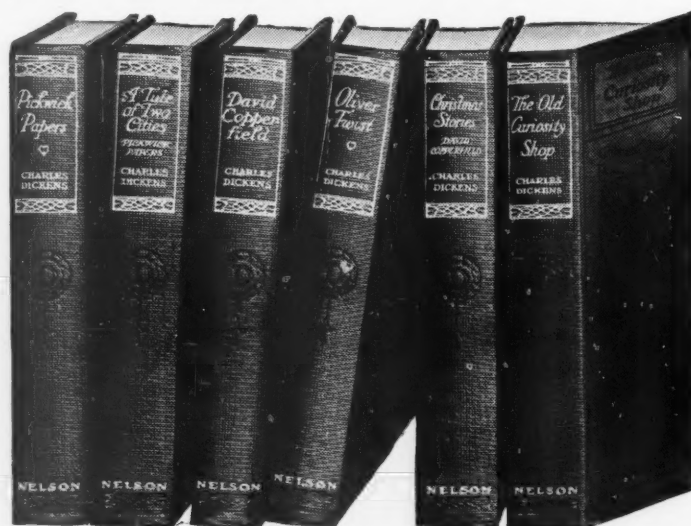
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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

— COWPER



Vol. 49

Boston, August, 1916

No. 3

HE who compels himself to think kindly toward man and beast, will soon, without thinking, act kindly.

ARE our States preserving our game birds for the sake of the birds or for the sake of the hunters?

SAINT PETER CLAVER, the great missionary of Africa, used to call himself "The slave of the Negroes forever."

CAN any of us pass by the appeal, made in another column, in behalf of the soldiers blinded in this European war?

WE should like to meet the Governors of Texas and Idaho who issued proclamations calling attention to "The Be Kind to Animals' Week," and urging its hearty observance.

THE horrors of this present war were never greater than today, but we are less horrified than when it began. It has effectually dulled the sensitiveness of the world to suffering, outrage, death.

WE note with pleasure that, in Southbridge, where he was born, the birthplace of George Thorndike Angell, the founder of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is to be suitably marked.

A WELL-KNOWN bank president says, "If I had twenty tongues I would preach politeness with them all, for a long experience has taught me that the results are tangible and inevitable. Politeness is the Aladdin's lamp of success."

THE statement was made in our hearing the other day, that the ideal Christian order of interests is, "humanity first, my country second, my State third, myself last." Reverse the order and you have the common ideal of too many of us.

WHAT a host of living things must be destroyed that man may live—insects that prey upon his harvests, grubs and worms that attack his gardens, coyotes and gophers that overrun his farms! Few will agree as to just where the line is to be drawn between the harmful and the harmless.

Human Vivisection in Michigan— The Betrayal of a Sacred Trust

ANOTHER offense cries to Heaven for redress, another of the kind that, in the name of science, puts the stigma of shame and inhumanity upon the medical profession. That profession, as a whole, we all regard with the highest honor. It must, however, soon or late, brand with its condemnation such a deed as its own author has recorded in the February issue of the *Journal of Experimental Medicine*, Rockefeller Institute, Simon Flexner, Editor, which lies before us, in an article by Udo J. Wile, M.D., of the University of Michigan, under the title, "Experimental Syphilis in the Rabbit Produced by the Brain Substance of the Living Paretic."

We have been slow to express ourselves with regard to this ruthless violation of human rights. It seemed incredible. We have waited, hoping correspondence would show conditions different from those that seemed apparent. It is evident, however, from such investigation as we have been able to make, and from the public statements made through the press, that human vivisection, in the State of Michigan at least, is openly practised by experimenters who justify themselves for what they have done, and, in substance, tell an alarmed public, to use a mild phrase, "to mind its own business."

We shall borrow but little of the technical description of the experiments described. It is too shocking to be reproduced. The facts openly, shamelessly stated by the author of the article, apparently without fear of God or man, will suffice at once to exhibit his character.

This man, a member of a profession entrusted with the care and treatment of suffering men and women, anxious to demonstrate what he admits had already been demonstrated by others experimenting with the brain substance of patients who had died from general paresis, determines to use for the same purpose the brain of living patients. Presumably, but quite naturally, none of his friends or acquaintances, or none of his confrères, or of his well-to-do patients afflicted with this disease, could be found willing, or would their relatives permit them, to undergo the operation necessary to provide this Dr. Wile with a syringe full of their "gray and white" brain matter. Where should

he secure his victims? As there is a State hospital in Michigan, among whose inmates are certain poor, dependent charges of the State, evidently with no influential friends or relatives to guard their interests and to protect them from injustice, he turned thither, so he tells us, for his material. "For my series of experiments six cases were chosen from a large number of paretics." Dr. Edmund A. Christian, apparently superintendent of the Pontiac State Hospital, is thanked by Dr. Wile, at the close of the article, "for the facilities he placed at my disposal."

This is how he went to work, using "ethyl chloride as a local anesthetic": "The skull was trephined over the frontal convolution at a point about one-half to one inch from the midline and well forward of the course of the middle meningeal artery. By means of a long thin trocar needle connected to a syringe a small cylinder of gray and white matter with some fluid from the ventricle was removed." This substance so obtained was injected into rabbits.

With the rest of the experiment we do not now concern ourselves. Experimentations upon animals present their own problems for scientist and moralist and humanitarian to consider. Here is vivisection practised upon defenseless and unsuspecting human beings, no less human and no less worthy to be protected against such cold-blooded investigation than the members of our own families, with no thought of their welfare taken into account.

We could not believe that with the sanction of so great a university as that of Michigan this outrage could have been permitted, or at least permitted without the conscious consent of the patients themselves. We therefore wrote to the President of the University with reference to the matter, saying,—

"Our Societies certainly could only feel that it (referring to the experiment of which we have just been speaking) was an unpardonable violation of sacred trusts for patients to be delivered over for experimental purposes, such as are described in the article, unless they had willingly submitted themselves to the experiments; that, before making any public utterance with regard to the subject, I felt it was only just to write the President of the Univer-

sity mentioned to know positively whether these human patients were delivered to Dr. Wile for the experiments, or whether they of their own free will offered themselves."

He replied as follows:

"UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR

President's Office
May 8, 1916.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, etc.

My dear Sir:

Yours of recent date in regard to experiments conducted by Dr. Udo J. Wile of this University is before me. Your letter was referred to Dr. Wile, who assures me that the facts in the case are fully set forth in his article to which you refer. I assume that you have access to the article.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) H. B. HUTCHINS."

It will be noted that we particularly asked to know whether these patients were "delivered to Dr. Wile for the experiments here mentioned, or whether they of their own free will offered themselves." To that question no reply was made. From the utterances of Dr. Christian and Dr. Wile, as quoted in the newspapers, it was as we suspected,—these paretics were beyond the power of giving consent. They were irresponsible, wholly helpless victims of disease. But, for this reason, all the more should their unconscious appeal for protection have been felt by those to whom they had been entrusted. The *Chicago Tribune* of April 12, quotes Dr. Christian as saying: "The six patients operated on at Pontiac were hopelessly and helplessly insane. The consent of the guardians or relatives of the patients was not secured, as it was not necessary. Paresis was inevitably killing the patients anyway, and the operation did not retard or hasten the course of the disease. I provided the usual facilities for Dr. Wile. I placed the operating room at his disposal and provided the patients." The *New York Herald* of April 13 further quotes Dr. Christian, as follows: "If Dr. Wile or his assistants feel there is a similar need for experimental surgery in the future, where there is no more danger to the life of the patient than in this instance, we'll doubtless permit him to go ahead." The *Baltimore News* of April 13 reports Dr. Wile and his assistants as authority for the statement that "the act of entering a hospital for treatment implies assent to any experiments which the surgeon may consider necessary." Dr. Wile is quoted in the *Denver Post* as saying, "You may quote me as having absolutely no interest in the matter, whatever people may wish to think regarding the experiment."

That the officials of the State of Michigan could be cognizant of such experimentation and neither take any action, nor deem the matter worthy of rebuke, was so difficult of belief that we wrote the Governor, stating briefly the facts of the article published by Dr. Wile, and then saying:

"Can it be that the laws of Michigan permit the wards of the State, with no knowledge or consent of their own, to be experimented upon by such men as Dr. Wile? Are the inmates of the prisons, hospitals and poorhouses of Michigan,—wards of the State, to be delivered over for experimentation in the name of science?"

"It is abundantly evident from the article that these experiments were carried on in no sense for the good of the patients, and without their knowing what it all meant, and indeed, if they had given their consent, I suppose, being paretics, their consent would have had

no legal value. May I ask if this matter has been called to your attention?"

"I would greatly appreciate an expression of your opinion with regard to it, and greatly, also, like to know if such experimentation is permissible under the laws of your Commonwealth."

To this Governor Ferris replied, as follows:

"STATE OF MICHIGAN,
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
LANSING

June 22, 1916.

My dear Dr. Rowley:

I have your letter of June nineteenth in relation to Dr. U. J. Wile, University of Michigan. Michigan is not a lawless State; Michigan entertains a high regard for ethics in all fields of human activity. You place the burden of criticism upon Dr. Wile. If there is any criticism of the State of Michigan, it must fall largely in this instance, upon Dr. Edmund A. Christian, Superintendent of the Pontiac State Hospital; but please bear in mind that *I am not criticizing Dr. Christian*. If you had written a letter of criticism to Dr. Christian, no doubt you would have gotten a statement from him that would have clarified the atmosphere. You know very well that Michigan is not abusing its wards or the inmates of the prisons, hospitals, or poorhouses. A great deal has been said in the newspapers about this experiment. When you get down to fundamentals much of the criticism has been unwise and superficial. If I am correctly informed, no harm could come to the six patients (if there were six) on whom the experiment was performed. I presume it might be established from a technical standpoint that Dr. Christian had no right to permit this experiment to be performed. To be perfectly frank with you, I think that you are exaggerating the ethical element of this experiment.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS,
Governor."

If there is no law in the State of Michigan to punish this wicked and cruel experimentation upon defenseless men and women, if wrongs like this can be permitted against the poor within a civilized commonwealth, which, if done to the members of the family of any private citizen would provoke to legal action if not to personal punishment, who of us, whom the circumstances of life may some day render the inmate of a State hospital, can live free from the fear that he too may fall into the hands of some hardened and unscrupulous character, to furnish the material in his own body for these outrages done in the name of Science?

The *Chicago Tribune* of April 12, after an interview with "a prominent university physician," represents this physician as saying, "Nobody knows the nature of scarlet fever, and we may have to experiment with a child. We have to be able to study the disease as we please in a little boy or girl, and maybe we will even have to allow another to contract the disease from the one under observation to study it from that angle."

That this is the theory and the practice of the great body of our physicians to whom we trust our children and ourselves, that to enter a hospital means to become the unconscious victim of men dead to the highest sense of honor, we cannot for a moment believe.

In the name of humanity, of justice, and fair play, in behalf of the weak and defenseless for protection against men who are willing to violate life's holiest trusts to serve a supposed scientific purpose, we denounce these human

vivisections as going to lengths which no scientific motive, however meritorious, can justify. We are asking the authorities of Michigan, to whose Attorney-General this article is sent, whether their law permits such experiments upon helpless wards of the State. Furthermore, we call upon the medical fraternity in their official gatherings to repudiate those of their own number who are guilty of such extreme and ruthless violation of personal human rights, as unworthy of membership in a calling which the world has held in equal esteem with the ministry and the priesthood.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

AMONG the many special articles called forth in the press by "Be Kind to Animals" Week one of the best we have seen was this, by C. S. Stanworth, in the *Virginian Pilot*, Norfolk:

Every kind-hearted person feels a sense of reproach when he notes the alarm his presence excites in birds and wild animals. Even the dog and cat are chary in giving him their trust, in allowing him to touch them for the first time.

Mankind divides the animal kingdom into two classes: one he calls human, which is guided by reason; the other he calls brutes, guided by instinct.

If a person is kind to a lower animal, people say he is humane.

If he is cruel, he is spoken of as a brute or beast. But we look in vain among the creatures below us for evidences of unkindness, inhumanity. Unless it is to satisfy hunger, we see no animal mistreat another, and when hunger is appeased the carnivorous animals do not continue killing. Wild birds, the most timid of animals, mingle freely with other birds and animals, and are not molested, except it be by a dog or a cat, the two animals man has made home companions of.

But let a man, woman or child appear and instantly the alarm is given. And that this is not due to the unfamiliar appearance of the two-legged animal is shown by the action of birds on an island when first visited by humans. The birds are as fearless and friendly as we see them when with their fellow inhuman animals.

It is well that the dumb animals do not reason, for if they knew the meaning we attach to humane and to brutish, the animal world would be swept with laughter, and man would never laugh again without being reminded of the deserved derision of the lower animals. And man is guided by reason.

Slowly, man's proper relation to the lower animals is being realized, and our humane laws preventing cruelty to animals are sufficient evidence that men have used wisely their reason and embodied such laws.

If man would but realize his responsibility for the distrust of him shown by the animal world, if he would strive by acts of kindness to win back the love and trust of wild animals, this world would radiate happiness, for when man ceases to be cruel to the lower animals, cruelty, strife and struggle among men will cease.

A STUNNING PRODUCT

A POMPOUS manufacturer of machinery was showing a stranger over his factory.

"Fine piece of work, isn't it?" he said, when they were looking at a very ingenious machine.

"Yes," said the visitor, "but you cannot hold a candle to the goods we are turning out."

"Indeed!" said the chagrined manufacturer,

"And what is your line?"

"Gunpowder," was the reply.

— *New York Globe*.

POLICEMAN JIM

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

If through the city streets you go,
 And chance to pass Newspaper Row,
 An ice cart, mayhap, you will spy
 Before a lunch room standing nigh.
 From horses white, and dapple-gray,
 Perhaps you'll hear a coazing neigh;
 Or both may stamp impatient feet
 As if in eagerness to greet
 Someone expected, though not you.
 Since friends are scarce and favors few
 Small wonder if a back-turned ear
 Senses familiar footsteps near.
 'Tis early morn, and yet they know —
 These horses in Newspaper Row —
 'Tis time for one with buttons bright
 Upon his coat to heave in sight.
 He will not pass them by, — ah, no,
 He breakfasts in Newspaper Row.
 The big policeman understands
 Their eager, noisy, firm demands
 For lumps of sugar. When a nose
 Sniffs coazingly about his clothes,
 Policeman Jim has time to spare
 To give each horse a generous share.
 And so each morn at half-past three
 They watch for him expectantly.

A HORSE'S EPITAPH

SOFT lies the turf on these who find their rest
 Beneath our common mother's ample breast,
 Unstained by meanness, avarice, or pride;
 They never cheated, and they never lied.
 They ne'er intrigued a rival to displace;
 They ran, but never belted on the race;
 Content with harmless sport and simple food,
 Boundless in faith and love and gratitude;
 Happy the man, if there be any such,
 Of whom his epitaph can say as much.

LORD SHERBROOKE

Remember, the proper load is not what the
 cart can be made to hold, but what the horse
 can pull.

Smooth shoes give no hold on a smooth road.
 Could you pull a load shod with skates?



VACATION DAYS IN MAINE



PRIDE OF MOTHER AND PRIDE OF OWNER

"HORSES AND TRACTORS"

UNDER this heading an Ohio farmer writes the *Breeder's Gazette* the following significant letter:

Eleven years ago I purchased a grade draft mare, a coming four-year-old, bred and weighing 1600 pounds, for \$210. Two weeks ago I sold this mare at public sale for \$181. While I owned her she raised 4 colts and lost 3. The 4 I raised sold for \$672 at ages from yearlings to five-year-olds.

Three years ago I purchased another mare similar to the first one, but 200 pounds heavier, for \$271. She sold in our recent sale for \$252.50. Three colts which she had raised sold in the same sale for \$225, \$115, and \$82, respectively, or a total of \$422.

The colts sold from these 2 mares brought us \$1094. Both were just good, ordinary farm work mares, receiving average care and attention. I have no doubt that many *Gazette* readers can show a better account of their brood mares, but what I wish to emphasize is the low depreciation on brood mares which do farm work and at the same time raise colts.

Can any one buy a farm tractor, use it from 3 to 11 years and come as near obtaining the original purchase price as we did on these 2 mares?

This man came pretty near "eating his cake and keeping it" at the same time. F.H.R.

DESIRE

BY HENRY J. KRIER

I WANTED the little spotted eggs but the bird was so concerned about them that I did not disturb them.

The butterflies were beautiful and I wanted a collection of them but it seemed cruel to destroy life to gratify desire.

I loved the bird but I knew that it would never understand, if I deprived it of its liberty, so I opened the door of the cage and my bird flew away.

So are we often assailed by desire and led to believe that might makes right. But let reflection step in and instantly we see that the desire of possession is selfish when it considers the rights of one and not the wrongs of the other.

THE daily ration in leaves of a caterpillar is equal to twice its own weight. If a horse were to feed at the same rate he would have to eat a ton of hay every twenty-four hours.

JAMES BUCKLAND

A HORSE REFORMATORY

A FRIEND in England sends us this story: "One result of the war is the establishment of a reformatory for wicked (2) army horses.

"One of these horses was called Crippen, but the Camden Town owner of that name was a saint by comparison with him, according to the soldiers who tried to tame him.

"Crippen had killed one soldier who had tried to saddle him, and was sentenced to be shot.

"That sentence was commuted to one of detention in a horse reformatory. In this reformatory, near Shrewsbury, the horse criminals, under the care of Lieutenant Rimington, become in time so docile that they will eat sugar out of a lady's hand.

"Crippen met his equals at the reformatory. Vicious, sullen horses, horses that looked like villains and acted as such, roamed about the paddock when Lieutenant Rimington walked, like a Daniel, into the lions' den and the animals at once became quiet.

"The officer carried neither stick nor whip. He understands horses, and, apparently they understand him. They owe their lives to him, and seem to be aware of the fact.

"Anyhow he is soon on Crippen's back, and Crippen is buckjumping in fine western style. Neither stick, whip, nor spur is used to tame him, but tamed he is, in very short time, like the rest of the savage Simons who have been condemned for murderous practices.

"The Shrewsbury horse reformatory, through which hundreds of vicious horses have passed, has proved such a success that the whole process of taming the animals has been filmed, under the title of 'Reforming Army Outlaws,' and will shortly be seen in Wardour-street, where the picture is sure to win the approval of all lovers of horses."

While the vast majority of vicious horses are undoubtedly made so by those who have handled them, a horse is occasionally born with a stubborn, perverse, and ugly disposition. Even in such a case we do not question heredity plays a large part, and the bad disposition may be due to a sire or dam spoiled by an owner or trainer.

F.H.R.

NOW," said the nervous old lady to the druggist, "are you sure you have that medicine mixed right?"

"No, ma'am," said the conscientious apothecary. "I wouldn't go as far as that, but I've mixed it the way the doctor ordered."

THE ROBIN'S SONG

BY G. E. CURTIS

DO you hear the song that the robin is singing
From the top of the cherry-tree?
O look and listen, for he is bringing
A message to you and to me:
"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up."

See, the breezes have scattered the straws and the stubble

That he gathered to build his nest;
And it's rainy and cold, but he laughs at his trouble,

And jubilant, pours from his breast:
"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up."

Yes, robin, we hear the song you are singing,
The message of love and of cheer;

It will dwell in our hearts; and we still shall hear ringing

Through the days that are somber and drear:
"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up."

LOSSES THROUGH LACK OF BIRDS

SCIENTISTS have determined by careful computation, study and investigation that the farmers and fruit growers over this country are losing over \$1,000,000,000 a year by reason of the reckless and senseless destruction of birds during the past thirty years, says Colonel G. O. Shields.

The cotton growers of the South are suffering a loss of \$100,000,000 a year by reason of the ravages of the boll weevil, an insect that bores into the cotton stalk and kills it. Why? Because the quails, prairie chickens, meadow larks and other birds, which were formerly there in millions, have been swept away by thoughtless, reckless men and boys.

The grain growers are losing over \$100,000,000 a year on account of the work of the chinch bug. They are losing another \$200,000,000 a year on account of the work of the Hessian fly. Both of these are very small insects, almost microscopic in size. It takes 24,000 chinch bugs to weigh an ounce, and nearly 50,000 Hessian flies to weigh an ounce.

Scientific men announce that there is no way on earth by which these insects can be destroyed except for the people to stop the killing of birds, absolutely and at all times, and let them come back and take care of the insects.

A COLONY OF "QUAWKS"

BY JOHN F. BRACKETT

A FEW days ago, I visited "Hog Island," an island of about ten acres extent, which is a part of the town of Barnstable, Massachusetts, where there is a colony of "quawks" or night herons.

This island is wooded by swamp maples, in size all the way from an inch to a foot in diameter. The trees are over all the island and comparatively thick. There is hardly a tree of size large enough to hold a nest that is not inhabited. Some trees had as many as eighteen nests. The largest number of eggs I found in any nest was six.

Standing at the foot of a tree, I counted over two hundred nests without moving from my tracks or turning my head.

On Sandy Neck, in Barnstable, there is another colony of night herons and the local bird lovers tell me that this is larger than the one on "Hog Island." The egg of the night heron is about $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size. Its color is very light blue or green.

Don't forget the "Be Kind to Animals" campaign. It is worth your time, thought and means.

AN UNUSUAL PET

BY CHARLES I. REID

WHILE being conducted over the property of a prosperous Pennsylvania farmer I was surprised on nearing the barn to see an owl perched on a near-by fence post. I pointed it out to the owner of the barn, fully expecting him to run for a gun, but instead he only smiled and said, "That's Homer, my favorite pet. The idea of having an owl for a pet is unusual among Pennsylvania farmers, and I asked his reason for adopting such a pet, and how he happened to obtain him.

"He keeps the place free from rats and mice," was the practical reason for the presence of the owl.

"But aren't you afraid he'll also free the place of some young chickens?" was asked.

"An owl never touches chickens, unless he has nothing else to eat," was the reply.



YOUNG BARRED OWL

This one was adopted while still quite young. He paid frequent visits to the barn, and as nobody regarded him as an enemy, he soon became quite tame. Now he sleeps in a corner under the roof of the haymow, during the daytime. On the day I happened to see him he had departed from the usual practice of nocturnal animals, and was sunning himself in the barnyard.

I told my farmer friend I was going to make a portrait of the owl, for the opportunity does not often present itself to the camera fiend. During the whole proceeding of setting up the camera on its tripod, focusing and making the exposure, Homer did not even change his position. The picture, needless to say, is a faithful likeness of the subject.

If I were a farmer I'd get myself an owl. No other pet can do so much good in ridding the farm of rodents, or will conduct itself in such a dignified manner.

THE CHIMNEY SWALLOW

BY J. W. WAITE

THE chimney swallow is one of the examples of God's marvelous creative power. Their evolutions in the air are wonderful, denoting great skill as well as strength of wing. We have tested their strength, when holding them in our hands, and realized that if man were gifted with their strength, in proportion to size and weight, his power would be far greater than that of any giant the world has ever known. They are also called the *chimney swift* and their swiftness on the wing we would not presume to estimate.

They arrive, here in Massachusetts, from the sunny southland, about the first of May. If you have been blest with their company, have heard their booming sound in your chimney, you will know at once that your summer company has made their long and rapid flight and will be safely housed in your sooty chimney till fall. Perhaps you will wonder as we do whether they choose a chimney in the south for a winter home. So far as we know they are untroubled by other birds and rarely by man. Little accidents do happen to them; occasionally one will get down past the chimney throat, land in the open fireplace or behind the fireboard, when some kindly human hand helps the fallen one to liberty; sometimes it is an old bird, but it is more likely to be one of the young ones nearly ready for flight.

No matter how sooty your chimney is, if they have once chosen it for a place to live and rear their young you can count on their company for many, many years. When they first chose our old chimney no one now living knows. This spring, on the first of May, we heard their welcome boom, boom, and rejoiced. This evening of May 29, we heard the flutter of wings behind the fireboard and found an old one there not much frightened; moved with compassion we talked soothingly to it and, resting in our open hand, it did not offer to fly. We stroked its back and it occurred to us then that perhaps this very bird was the one that, when young, last summer, had been carried to the chimney top and left there for parental care.

This small unafraid bird in our hand this evening moved us to write this brief, imperfect account of our observations of these little creatures of His who are pleased to make their home so near us and in the sootiest and smokiest part of our dwelling.

The man or woman living without human companions can best appreciate the companionship of the faithful, affectionate dog and the Good Father's winged messengers.

"Thou, too, hast traveled, little fluttering thing—
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou too must rest.
But much, my little bird, could'st thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well
To build thy nest."

SAVED BY THE SPARROW

SOME years ago the agriculturists of Hungary, moved to the insane step by ignorance and prejudice, succeeded in getting the sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) doomed to destruction. Within five years the country was overrun with insects, and these same men were crying frantically for the bird to be given back to them, lest they should perish. The sparrow was brought back, and, driving out the hordes of devastating insects, proved the salvation of the country.

JAMES BUCKLAND

SPARE THE NESTS!

BY LUIS G. URBINA OF MEXICO

Translated from the Spanish by

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Is it a nest? It is a nest! See, 'mid the branches hidden,

The light breeze rocks it; with their gold the sunbeams make it glad.

Oh, know you what a nest is? It is that which most you cherish—

What laughs with you in happiness, and mourns when you are sad.

Is it a home? It is a home—pure love's most holy refuge.

There to the birds, together, warmth and sweet sleep night brings.

The forest boughs are tossing, the sky grows dark—no matter!

Being so great, the Lord above takes care of tiny things.

These palaces among its leaves the woodland shades and shelters;

They are its fairest ornament, when in Spring's gala dressed.

The bird that through the fields of space flies freely in the sunlight

Knows that he has a nook wherein to fold his wings and rest.

The nests are shrines of peace and love—dear, holy sanctuaries.

Wicked the hands that tear them down, with wantonness and jests!

Ah, know you not that in this world no sadder sight can greet us

Than dry and withered blossoms, or shattered, ruined nests?

WORKING FOR THE BIRDS

I HAVE noticed that the work of providing for the needs of wild birds has a wonderfully good effect upon the people engaged in it," writes Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes in his fascinating book, "Wild Bird Guests." "In the first place it awakens or stimulates an interest in an important and fascinating subject, and provides for the mental and physical activities an outlet which can lead only to good. Through it the coming generation will get practical experience in the conservation of our natural resources, and thus by taking part in a great national movement they will at an early age begin to feel the joy of being useful. Most work of a public nature is impractical for children, but here is a work in which young people can be almost as useful as older ones and at the same time provide for themselves one of the sweetest and most satisfying hobbies known to man. Work for the birds tends to thoughtfulness and consideration; inasmuch as it is inspired by the work the birds do for us, it encourages appreciation and gratitude, and a sense of justice and fair play; as it brings to the worker a sense of the helplessness of his feathered friends at certain times, it begets feelings of humanity, kindness, sympathy, and compassion, and stimulates warmth of heart; and if some personal sacrifice is required in order to do this work, the worker gets practice in unselfishness. And it is the opinion of the author that if children once learn these things, they will have a very fair start towards good citizenship, if they are not taught anything else."

CLEMENCY alone makes us equal to the gods.

CLAUDIUS

The Hain's Creek Partridge

By E. L. CHICANOT

SINCE the fierce heavy winds of the month of November, the partridges' "crazy-moon," there had been many new arrivals of the breed in the little copse surrounding the school-house. There, amidst the dense forest of poplar and Balm of Gilead, and the thick underbrush of berry bushes, they lived throughout the winter, subsisting on what remained of the summer's fruits, now frozen hard; and sleeping under the snow's warm, white blanket.

My acquaintance with the little hen partridge began in the early spring, when she was attracted to a drumming-log near the creek by the frequent thumping of a male bird. There, for many days unbeknown to him, she watched his vain, dandyish struttings, whilst I, also concealed, could view them both. Often afterwards I saw them together, scratching vigorously among the rotted trees, and through the

by a prairie fire which cropped it of all grass and verdure, and made the nest very conspicuous as I thought. However, I marked its location by near-by trees and shrubs and went away.

The next day returning about the same time, I searched in vain for the nest, and it was more than an hour before I discovered it, though all the time I had been close at hand and must at times have passed within a few feet of the sitting bird. There she sat, composedly watching me with one eye, and in such plain sight that I wondered how she and her eggs ever escaped the many depredators of the wood. But my own futile efforts taught me a lesson, and when I came to look closely into the matter, it was clear how the nest in its composition, and the coloring of the bird, harmonized with the immediate surroundings.

She allowed me to approach within a few



THE BIRD THAT IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

thick curtain of willows along the bank I watched them drink together at the creek.

Then for a while I lost track of the pair. The male bird I knew was there, for I could hear at intervals his heavy insistent drumming, and the swift whirr of his wings as he rose; but the hen, I suspected, must be away at her nest. And it was quite by accident that I found her.

I was walking through the wood, not far from the drumming-log, and thinking of nothing in particular, when close by me a partridge rose, with that peculiar whirring of the wings which quite startles and unnerves one at first, and which for a few moments renders the inexperienced incapable of action. I turned my eyes towards the spot from which the bird had risen, and by a strange chance my glance rested exactly upon the nest. Walking up to it I thought, "What an obvious place to build—so open and unscreened."

Two large poplar trees started at acute angles from a common root, and at the foot the bird had built her nest, which contained nine eggs. The disturbed sitter I could not see, though doubtless she was watching me incessantly from out of some near-by scrub. The wood had recently been swept

feet, and then rising, with a disconcerting "whir-r-r-r," flopped down a short distance from me and struggled slowly away as if with broken wings. I had had previous experience with these birds, and knew this to be merely a subterfuge to draw me away from the nesting place; so I stood still and watched her. Still feigning lameness she made a complete circle of the two trees, finally retiring into some saskatoon bushes from which, no doubt, she kept a careful eye on me till I went away.

Every day thenceforth I visited her nest, and she would allow me to approach quite close and sit watching her. Another egg had been added to the nine, and on this nestful she sat solitary all day, except for her adjourning at feeding-time to the drumming-log, or to the creek to drink. During the period of incubation, the warm sun and fertile rain brought forth the luxuriant grasses and shrubs, and soon the prairie round, shorn by spring fires, was one mass of green foliage, completely burying the nest and forming a protective alcove over the sitting bird.

During the last few days before it was time for the eggs to hatch, heavy rain poured down

incessantly, and I was unable to visit the nest. When I did return my fears were realized, for the nest was deserted. Nothing remained but a mass of empty egg-shells, and one whole egg which had failed of its issue.

I searched carefully around with but little hope of finding my old friend; for though the mother-bird with her brood will not travel far from the nest, it is almost impossible to discover them. The little ones are implicitly obedient and keep perfectly quiet whenever danger approaches, and their feathered covering harmonizes exactly with nature's tints.

After receiving one false alarm from a startled rabbit, I was turning back along an old buffalo trail, which ran past the discarded nest, when — whir-r-r-r — and the old hen flopped down lamely at my feet, and, as if exhausted from wounds, slowly struggled along the path dragging a wing on the ground. Simultaneously, I caught a glimpse of several brown-speckled, fluffy little balls which scattered as the mother flew; but now there was nothing to be seen, and not a sound save the tweet-tweeting of the hen enticing me to follow her, and so get me away from the chickens. I had remained standing in the same place, but now looked in vain for the chicks; they were hidden under twigs and leaves doubtlessly, but all skilfully concealed from my eyes. Carefully I took one step forward, and there was a frightened "tweet," just a tiny little sound, barely audible, but the mother had heard it.

The cry she raised was blood-curdling, and I imagined for a moment that a wild cat was near. The noise she made, too, was as of some heavy animal coming through the underbrush. Straight at me she came, a pathetically tragic little bird, with beak open, hissing and shrieking, and the ruffle of her neck flung out. Could this be the timid little bird I had known for so long? The partridge is perhaps the shyest of the creatures of the wild, but the intensity of mother love cannot be compassed.

She seemed in such agony that I moved away and must have again stepped near a chick, for another frightened cry brought the mother-bird again to me, flying at my very feet and hissing incessantly. I backed into the thicket and sat down to wait in silence. But the mother-bird knew I was there, and her brood was obedient to her, for never a leaf stirred nor was there a sound. It was futile to remain, and I retired without seeing her gather up her family.

Many times afterwards I saw the little family out in the woods. Each time the chicks had grown a little bigger, until the mother could never have covered them with her body or shielded them from the sun with her fan-like tail. Later the family was reduced to seven, from what cause I never discovered; and finally the little brood had so grown in the early fall that I could not distinguish the mother from her offspring.

What eventually happened to them all I cannot say. A few, no doubt, in their innocence were shot; and then the November blasts came again and scattered the little family, each to make a home of his own in the spring.

In the following March the old drumming-log by the creek again gave out its familiar br-r-r-r, and a young cock-partridge strutted proudly up the prostrate tree. Perhaps he was one of the old wood brood — I liked to think so; whilst somewhere in some other wood his mother, her family forgotten, was beginning to build another nest. And thus will she go on, year by year, raising with the utmost difficulty a little family, to lose them all in the fall.



FIRM FRIENDSHIP

SHEEP-DOGS OF AUSTRALIA

IN no place in the world are sheep and cattle dogs more in use than in Australia. The grazing estates are so enormous that it would be impossible to handle the great flocks without dogs. The Australian pastoralist could not possibly exist without his dogs and that is the reason that sheep-dog trials are looked upon as something amounting to national competition. Every town has its agricultural show and at all of these sheep-dogs trials are one of the most deserved attractions and the training that the Australian sheep-dog gets is nothing short of miraculous.

Australians are among the chief buyers of English dogs, with the result that excellent specimens can be found there. They boast that there has never been a case of rabies among the dogs.

DYING "LIKE A DOG"

BY W. H. MORSE, M.D.

"DIE like a dog!" Then they die like Christian heroes!"

It was a German who said this, and he spoke with much heat.

One of the English religious papers had published a statement which has been quoted extensively in the American religious press, which was to the effect that many of the Italian soldiers, distrusting the priests, irreligious to the brink of infidelity, and careless of all moral obligations, dying in war, "die like dogs." American religious zeal has improved upon this, and knowing how interested the Italians at home are in those from "that America," have advocated the equipment of the reservists from this country with the Scriptures in their vernacular, that therewith they might interest the godless soldiers. This plan has been, and will continue to be a great success, and our Lord can be trusted to give His Word free and glorified course in the army where, thus provided, it is so much needed.

The German had heard the expression, and although the Italians are at war with the Austrians, the allies of Germany, he scouted the phrase.

"Die like a dog!" Then they die like Christian heroes!"

"How is that?" he was asked.

"It should be perfectly plain if you know how a dog in war dies," he replied.

"The phrase, 'the dogs of war,' sounds familiar!" he was told.

"Think so?" he answered curtly. "But do you know either as to what the dogs of war are, or as to how dogs die in war? No? Then

say no more. Let me tell you some things that have to do with the war, with which you may not be familiar.

"You know the grand duchy of Oldenburg? At about the time of the American declaration of independence the grand duke Paul of Russia, afterward czar, became possessed of Oldenburg, and handed it over to his cousin, the Bishop of Lübeck. The bishop's son was weak-minded, and his cousin, Peter Frederick Louis, became regent, and ultimately grand duke, and progenitor of the present grand duke. Grand Duke Peter was a great lover, breeder, and fancier of dogs, and all of his successors have had the same fad. The present grand duke has it as strongly as any, and for several years he has been noted for his dogs. Perhaps it might be said that that is his one great claim to notoriety. He has two picture galleries, in which are works of Veronese, Velasquez, Murillo, and other masters, but no one ever thinks of mentioning his love of art ahead of his love of dogs. In 1871, when Oldenburg joined the German empire, he talked 'dogs of war.' That is, he said that dogs could be used in war. I cannot say that in the Franco-Prussian war he carried out the idea, but soon after the present war began, he came forward with a plan. The German Society for Hospital Dogs was organized in Berlin, and the grand duke was elected as its president. People, by that time, began to listen to him with some respect. He had eight dogs, and he told with a great deal of animation that they would range the grand duchy and when they found people, who for one reason or other had met with accidents, they would not rest until they got them attended to. Why couldn't this idea be made profitable in the war? The government gave him *carte blanche*, and today there are, in the employ of the Germans, in their army, no less than 2467 dogs that are doing hospital service. They make no distinction between friend and foe, but, thoroughly trained, they are sent out after the battles, and go about picking up the men who have been wounded. I saw it stated the other day that it is estimated that since the outbreak of the war not less than 8000 men have been picked up on the battle-fields by the aid of the war dogs, those great German dogs so familiar to all who have been in Germany.

"But you spoke of 'dying like dogs.' The grand duke insists that the war dogs die like Christian heroes. He and others tell of dogs having been shot, and of the pathetic scene when they die, exhibiting to the last their solicitude for the welfare of the wounded. One incident of many was of a dog that had found a wounded soldier, and while howling to attract the attention of the surgeons to him, was struck by a piece of shell that mangled one of its legs. He still kept up his howling, and when a surgeon came to him, he noticed the torn leg. 'Ah, the dog is hurt!' he said, and started to examine the injury, when with a whine the dog drew back and as well as it could, indicated the wounded soldier and his need of help. The surgeon started to bandage the dog's leg, when, with a show of its teeth it refused to be touched till the soldier was attended to. The surgeon then came back to the dog, by that time bleeding to death. As the surgeon stooped over him, he wagged his tail feebly, and died. Other stories, just as tender and affecting, are told, but the soldiers enjoy better telling of the rescue work of the war dogs.

"You say that the godless Italian soldiers 'die like dogs.' O, don't please use those words! A godless man does not die like a Christian hero."

EUTHANASIA

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

in Boston Transcript

I GAVE you what myself I would desire,
Dumb faithful friend!

Unto a life that had begun to tire,
A kindly end.

When joy was gone alike from work and play
Sound rest was yours,
Without the long slow torture of decay
That man endures.

When I begin to find the world grow dim
And chill the sun,
When weariness is lord of brain and limb
And work is done,

When dead leaves clog the only path I see
To journey through,
May God as mercifully deal with me
As I with you!

THE DEAD DOG'S PLACE

BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER

THE shepherd of a Cleveland, Ohio, park, whose dog has died, says it is no small matter to buy a new one. Any one who has ever tried to buy a dog to take the place of one that has endeared itself will know how true this is. A good dog is considerably more than a piece of merchandise.

Bones and flesh and blood and hair can be bought, and, maybe, you think that these, in their right proportions and places, and animated, make a dog. But they don't. Any man who knows dogs knows that it takes far more than these to make one. You can't buy devotion, can you? You can find men without devotion, without gratitude, without fidelity, but you can never find a dog without these qualities, for without devotion you haven't got a dog.

A dog will die for a master even though he starve and beat him, while man—divine man himself—has been known to sneak away from a friend in trouble, disavowing all obligations.

The dog is always genuine, always frank and honest and faithful. He shows more sincerity in one wag of his tail than some men do in a whole lifetime. Speechless, he can express more love than a man can, and he never expresses it falsely.

Men can clasp hands and pledge loyalty. The dog can't. He doesn't need to. His pledge of loyalty is in his every act and instinct. He has no other pledge to give, and he knows no other loyalty.

The dog can't laugh, yet he can radiate more joy than a man can. He has the manner of a true optimist. He can see good in a man when other men can't. He can find love for the lowest and meanest, and his love survives kicks, curses, desertion—everything.

The dog grows into the life of the man he loves, and becomes a part of him—very often the best part. Properly trained, he unerringly performs parts of his master's work, and more—he does work that only a dog has intellect and faithfulness to do.

And when a man has lost this part of himself can he go and buy it again?

Not much! Gold is all-powerful among men, but it will not buy a good dog. It will buy friends, as friends go, by the scores, and hundreds; it will buy human loyalty, as human loyalty ordinarily goes; but it will not buy a dog that can fill the place of the faithful one that has died.

THE fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear.
POPE



"ROUGH" AND HIS MISTRESS, MRS. MARGARET DELAND

THERE are thousands of our readers who will be delighted to see this photograph of the celebrated author, Margaret Deland. With her is Rough, "a grateful patient of the Angell Memorial Hospital," and of whom she says, "I am sure he would like to give you a testimonial." She also writes: "He is a dear old friend—blind, now—being about twelve years old; and very uncertain as to teeth;—but wise, and gentle, and sympathetic. He has all our human virtues, and only one of our vices,—jealousy. If I stroke my other sheep dog old blind Rough seems to know it, and pushes in between us."

NO PURE ST. BERNARDS

THE true St. Bernard dog originated in the fourteenth century, being a cross between a shepherd-dog from Wales and a Scandinavian cross-breed, half Great Dane and half Pyrenean mastiff. The last pure descendant of the tribe was buried beneath an avalanche in 1816.

Those who wish to see a true St. Bernard dog may do so in the Natural History Museum at Berne, where the stuffed body of the famous Barry is preserved. There is plenty of St. Bernard blood left, however, crossed with other strains, and the fame of the breed can never perish.

WHAT DID THE SQUIRRELS THINK

RECENTLY an aeroplane, the engine whirling noisily, passed over the estate of a friend of ours. Part of this estate is covered with beautiful trees quite like a forest. No sooner had the aeroplane disappeared than more squirrels by far than it had ever been thought were on the place were seen scampering over the ground, evidently much alarmed. The strange noise above them must have driven them to the earth. Or did they imagine some huge winged monster was about to dart down upon them?

F.H.R.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, August, 1916

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston. We do not wish to consider manuscripts of over 1200 words in length.

THE GALLINGER BILL

THERE is now before Congress a Bill, Senate 3737, which calls for an investigation by the Secretary of Agriculture of the extent and conditions of the practice in this country of experimentation on living animals. We print below the letter of Archbishop Ireland with reference to the measure.

St. Paul, May 22, 1916.

The bill introduced in Congress by J. H. Gallinger providing for an investigation as to the mode and manner of vivisection operations in this country, is one most worthy of commendation. I trust it will receive from Congress the high recognition that it merits. No one whatever he may think of vivisection as a principle can object to an investigation as to how in practice the theory should be applied. There is no doubt whatever but that abuses do occur and those should be sternly arrested. Whatever influence my word may have, it is given unreservedly in favor of this bill.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) JOHN IRELAND,
Archbishop of St. Paul.

CARING FOR SHEEP

WE have written, on the testimony of sheep raisers, against the practice of docking lambs, claiming that even from an economic point of view, the practice is a mistake. In the *Breeder's Gazette*, Chicago, Mr. W. H. Crozier, of Harvey Co., Kansas, writes, "I left the tails on the wethers to save them unnecessary pain and consequent weakening, and because with their tails they were good markers, which aided us in separating them from the others, later. More lambs died from the effects of losing their tails and bleeding, than from the other operation." He also bears this grateful tribute to his dogs, particularly noticeable when so many are affirming that dogs have destroyed sheep-raising in New England:

"I cannot refrain from mentioning my faithful collie dogs. They gave their strength and often their lives to the service of the flock, doing the work of several men." F.H.R.

THE Massachusetts Commission on Fisheries and Game are sending out to all the Boy Scouts of the State a leaflet seeking their cooperation in the active protection and conservation of the bird, game and fish life in the woods, ponds and streams of the commonwealth. The leaflet says, that "Bird life is the direct means of saving to agricultural interests in the United States the stupendous amount of several billion dollars each year."

FOR SHAME—MY COUNTRY

NO outrage reported from European battle-fields equals in horror the crime committed recently at Waco, Texas, by the crowd that mutilated, tortured, burned Jesse Washington, a seventeen-year-old colored boy. The American citizen who reads the account of this occurrence, reported by a special agent of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in *The Crisis*, without feeling the ineffaceable shame this deed has put upon his country must be dead to every noble impulse of humanity and patriotism.

That in a city of 30,000 people, with 38 churches, there should have been found but one minister to lift up his voice in protest after the event, is to us inconceivable. For this government to allow such crimes to be committed against its citizens within any State of the Union and take no action, is a reproach far deeper and more damning upon its honor than anything that has been charged against it by its bitterest critics since the war in Europe began.

The wretched victim had been convicted, the sentence of death was to be executed that very day. The wild cry was not for punishment, not even for justice, but for torture. The Mayor of Waco stood looking down from his window upon the burning, "unconcerned" the agent reports, save for the injury to the tree from which the boy hung. The Chief of Police witnessed the lynching. The photographer was engaged beforehand for the occasion. And we call ourselves a Christian nation!

F.H.R.

"I AM BLIND"

THERE are few more pathetic appeals than this. It comes today from tens of thousands of victims of this appalling war. How many thousands more, ere the war ends, will meet this same sad fate of blindness no one can even guess. Among the organizations pleading for help for victims of the war none urges its claim with better reason than that of the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund. Its purpose is to make it possible for those whose sight has been destroyed on the field or in the trenches to learn some one of the several trades most suited to the blind, such as carpentry, mat-making, basket-making, weaving, etc.

This organization has just sent out its second message to the churches and Sunday-schools and people of America for contributions. Most truly it says,

"In their present pitiable condition, the blinded soldiers and sailors are, almost without exception, the world's most tragic unfortunates. They cannot see to find work; cannot perform work without preliminary instruction; cannot, except through other agencies, sell their work or commercialize its results after it has been performed.

"These blinded soldiers are pathetically anxious to be useful. They stretch out impotent hands to you from across the ocean. They turn sightless eyes to you asking for aid."

Attractive little banks will be sent to all children and others who will apply for them in which dimes and even pennies may be collected. Address all gifts and correspondence to Frank A. Vanderlip, Esq., Treasurer, Permanent Blind Relief War Fund, 590 Fifth Ave., New York. F.H.R.

In making your will, remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society.

"SHALL HE FIND FAITH ON THE EARTH"

DR. CHARLES H. WATSON, of Boston, writing in the *Chicago Standard* with reference to our present attitude toward war as a solution of the difficulties between nations, says,

"It is a curious Christian condition—a growing fear of the exhausted nations, and no courage for anything except for the madness that has exhausted them! We are consecrating ourselves to a blasted pagan program that was cast away 2000 years ago when a better one was substituted for it. Here is the new one: 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' This new program, as old as it is, is still new, for it has never yet been worked. We keep tinkering with the old program of hell and hate, as if we had no faith that the kingdom could come by any other process. We have simply succeeded in making the old paganism more deadly and damnable, when by putting it into discard, and working the Christian principle, we might have transformed this world into the paradise of God."

Will the time ever come when Christian men will cease saying, "Oh, yes, the teachings of Jesus are all right, they might well meet the conditions of an ideal world, but in just this present kind of world it would be quite unwise and most unsafe to attempt to put them into practice!" But he put them into practice, had faith enough in them to die for them, and in spite of the faithlessness of the majority of his followers, his cross is still the symbol of a power beside which all the engineering of war is impotence. F.H.R.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY

THE work of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been greatly enlarged, during the past year, in this extreme western county of the State. This has been due chiefly to a faithful friend who has aroused the interest of many in the Society's activities. An agent has been appointed who devotes his entire time to the county, and July 4, the president, upon the invitation of the Work Horse Parade Associations of North Adams and Williamstown, went to North Adams and spoke, at the Fair Grounds, upon "The Horse and the Debt we owe Him." The occasion was an exceedingly pleasant one. In the Parade was an attractive M. S. P. C. A. float, drawn by four handsome horses. On the sides of the float, in large letters, attention was called to the Society and its work throughout the State and to *Our Dumb Animals*. In the large wagon rode a group of children carrying in their arms, or having by them, their pet dogs, and cats. Behind the float a little lad rode upon a Shetland pony. We sincerely appreciate the fine service of all our friends in North Adams and Williamstown who planned for this and carried it out so well.

There were many beautiful horses in the parade. We doubt if any other city of its size in the commonwealth could have made so creditable a display. F.H.R.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS IN HOTELS

IN accord with the custom established many years ago of sending annually bound volumes of *Our Dumb Animals* to many of the leading hotels throughout the United States, about three hundred of the 1916 books, attractively bound in blue cloth and stamped in gold, have been presented to hotels at summer resorts and in the larger cities.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

Offices in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
Building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*
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Trustees of Permanent Funds

ALFRED BOWDITCH LAURENCE MINOT
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NOTICE:—The post-office address of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and of its officers and agents, is Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The location is 180 Longwood Avenue.

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FRANK J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S. } *Veterinarians*
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.

MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined.....	2759
Number of prosecutions.....	15
Number of convictions.....	14
Horses taken from work.....	135
Horses humanely destroyed.....	126

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined.....	14,460
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed.....	67

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$1515 from the estate of Miss Helen Collamore of Boston, and \$500 from the estate of Miss Augusta M. Brown of Boston.

It has received gifts of \$1000 from Mrs. L. N. K.; \$25 each from P. M. K., Miss E. A. U., E. G., E. L. E., Mrs. E. N. F., and Miss E. F. G.; for summer work and horses' vacations, \$25 each from Miss M. A. C., Mrs. J. N. M., Mrs. H. H. E. and Mrs. R. C. A.; and, for the Vacation Home for Horses, \$51 from Mrs. C. P. and others.

The Society has been remembered in the will of Mrs. Mary A. Extein of Springfield.

The American Humane Education Society acknowledges a bequest of \$2201.25 from "a friend." It has received gifts of \$200 from two New York friends, \$86.38 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, \$32.82 from the Rhode Island Humane Education Society, and \$26.87 from Mrs. J. W.

Boston, July 11, 1916.

FREE STALLS AND KENNELS

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,
Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.,
Assistant Chief Veterinarian

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Address 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston
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HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

Cases entered.....	217
Dogs.....	120
Cats.....	47
Horses.....	50
Operations.....	83

Free Dispensary

Cases.....	301
Dogs.....	218
Cats.....	69
Horses.....	9
Birds.....	2
Unclassified.....	3

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915 2999

Free Dispensary cases..... 3816

Total..... 6815

WATER FOR BOSTON HORSES

THE two summer watering carts, operated in the business streets of Boston during the hot weather by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in order to supply water to horses, began their daily trips June 29. On the same date the various hydrant stations maintained by agents of the Society were opened to enable teamsters to secure water at many points away from the regular supplies.

The expense of our summer watering service, which is made necessary through the closing of the fountains by official order, is heavy. We have been aided in past seasons by many generous contributions and must again invite gifts exclusively for this most urgent work.

AGENT PERRY STOPS FOX HUNT

LEARNING of plans to have a fox hunt as a feature of the Y. M. C. A. carnival, held recently in North Attleboro, Massachusetts, Agent Henry A. Perry of Mansfield quickly entered his objections to the committee on entertainment. When he had explained that to release a fox and cause a pack of half a hundred hounds to pursue it until caught, before hundreds of spectators, would be a violation of law, it was deemed advisable by the management to eliminate the "feature" from the program.

To his honor, be it said, one of the first acts of Mr. Wilson when he became President of the United States was to issue an executive order prohibiting, under heavy penalties for infraction, the destruction of any wild bird in the Canal Zone.

JAMES BUCKLAND

THE VACATION HOME

"Be Kind to Animals"

Gift Shop, 386 Washington Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, will work during the summer to ensure a new line of gifts in the early fall. We thank those who have so thoughtfully helped, and all who will help in the future, regretting we cannot now say, "the Farm is ours," for as warm weather approaches, every one interested knows how glorious it must be for tired horses to roam and roll in pasture-lands, to be relieved from the hot collar, the dragging load, to get away from the scorching city streets,—in short, to have a vacation.

The Fund has grown in the few months in which work has been done, but we are not ready, and with the vacation season at hand, we ask all friends, particularly ALL who will have surcease from labor, to remember the cause for which we toil, and to give of their store, each according to his means and generosity.

Band of Mercy

The Vacation Home Band of Mercy came into being almost spontaneously, through May. Several times boys would ask, "Where can we join a Band of Mercy?" and Mrs. Warner, crowded almost to the limit with other work, at last said she would start one, little thinking the Vacation Home Band of Mercy would grow to almost 600 members.

Some of the boys and girls are forming little clubs and are selling things and saving their pennies and planning how they can help rebuild the Fund, and are gleefully counting the time when of a holiday they may go to the farm and "help care for the horses."

These Brookline members would like to ask all members of Bands everywhere to send just one cent each, that all Band of Mercy children, no matter where they live, may know they, too, helped in the Vacation Home Fund.

The Krinklet tea cake cutter, with recipes for making them, may be had for \$1.25 by mail. The Krinklets are delicious, cost little to make, as compared with store-purchased goods, and they are different.

The inside Clothesline Reel, with 30 feet of line, is convenient all the time; rolls into 3 x 1½ inches of wall space; is wholly out of the way; always ready; always clean; costs only 25 cents, by mail anywhere.

When your subscriptions expire, remember they may be renewed via the Gift Shop, for these publications; *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Our Dumb Animals*, *The Country Gentleman*, *The Craftsman*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post*.

As to all matters herewith, address, Mrs. Estelle Tyler Warner, 386 Washington Street, Brookline, Mass. (Telephone, Brookline 6756-W); or Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston (Telephone, Brookline 6100).

Remember

*The Mile o' Dimes for the horses
That over our pavements pass;
The Mile o' Dimes will send them
To roll in the rich green grass.*

THE GIANT AND THE CRIPPLE

WE all rejoice that, according to the reports at hand as *Our Dumb Animals* goes to press, the United States, today the strongest, richest nation of the world, is not to enter the ring against poor, crippled, unhappy Mexico. Such a sorry spectacle would be to our everlasting shame.

F.H.R.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

P. O. Address, Fenway Station

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
Hon. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
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Edward C. Butler	Mexico
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Jerome Perinet, <i>Introduit</i> des	
Bands of Mercy en Europe .	Switzerland

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Richmond, Virginia
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
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Miss Mary Harrold, Washington, D. C.

JEROME PERINET

OF our representative in Geneva, Switzerland, M. Jerome Perinet, who has done so much toward introducing the Band of Mercy idea into Europe, *L'Arc-en-ciel*, says, "To the brilliant pleiades of philanthropists whom the little republic of Geneva has furnished to humanity, to the name of Henry Durant, founder of the Red Cross, to that of Pastor Louis-Lucien Rochat, founder of the Blue Cross, to those of the founders of the Red Star and of so many other admirable institutions and societies, must be added that of the honored and too modest Jerome Perinet, the organizer in Europe of Bands of Mercy. It is of the utmost importance that all these names become to our children as dear and as familiar as those, so popular up to the present, and so unworthily resounding, of the great conquerors and heroes of war whose passage here on earth is marked by a trail of blood."

We extend our hearty congratulations to M. Perinet upon this fine tribute to his splendid service and devotion. F.H.R.

CARNIVAL IN DETROIT

THE Animal Welfare Association of Detroit, Michigan, attracted thousands of men, women and children, many from the city's most exclusive society families, at their third annual carnival held on Chicago boulevard, June 22.

On the greensward extending for an entire block, there were booths decorated with flowers and bunting, platforms of various kinds, lemonade and popcorn stands, refreshment tables, a miniature dancing pavilion and the other things which make up a carnival, while, underneath the thousands of tiny electric lights of various hues, dainty maidens, in charge of the stands, coaxed patronage from the throngs which spent lavishly.

Regular show barkers and criers loudly summarized the attractive bargains which were offered. One of the features of the sales was the auctioning of a \$150 bronze dog.

Notable among the booths was the membership and educational committee's exhibit, of which Mrs. Abner E. Larned, president of the organization, was chairman. Placards announcing "There are 70,000 horses earning the living of 250,000 men, women and children of Detroit"; that there are 1400 drivers in the city whose employers have taken out an associated membership in the association; that the association last year expended \$6883.85 for the relief of animals in the city, and other facts about the organization were conspicuously displayed.

LENDING A HAND

FREQUENTLY we send copies of our humane books, cards, leaflets and *Our Dumb Animals* to the Lend-a-Hand Society, 101 Tremont Street, Boston, which maintains a book mission and distributes literature to needy and deserving institutions and individuals in the South. We quote from a letter written by a young colored teacher to the superintendent of the mission:

"I obtained nine books for my school from the box you sent. I was not positive what good they would do among my small flock. I carried them down to my school and can truthfully say I was surprised the children liked them so well. . . . The boy that read 'Beautiful Joe' said to me one day: 'I didn't know that it was a real sin to be cruel to animals before I read this book.' I had often told him not to throw stones at the birds, but he said that he just thought that I didn't want them to be throwing stones. A girl said: 'I am going to read this book to papa, for he beats our horse nearly to death sometimes.' 'Black Beauty' was the name of the book."

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE

MRS. EMMA ROOD TUTTLE of Berlin Heights, Ohio, who died June 4 at the age of 79, was greatly interested in the American Humane Education Society, and for several years was one of its vice-presidents. She was the author of "Angell Prize Contest Recitations" and she designed the Angell Prize medal.

In kindness to animals Mrs. Tuttle was an ally to Mr. Angell. She said, "I will keep no help who will indulge in abuse to our dependents, and I have no faith in any professed religion which does not make people kind to the helpless. I do not want to take the hand of any man or woman who will not be kind and tender to children and animals."

Mrs. Tuttle was favorably known as a lecturer, elocutionist, and writer of verse, essays and stories, and was prominent in lyceum activities.

ACTIVITIES IN YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

SPLENDID humane educational work has been done by Mrs. T. H. Bulla, one of the directors of the Humane Society of Youngstown, Ohio, during last year. She visited 53 schools, held 14 interviews with principals, gave 72 stereopticon talks, reached 13,125 children, and secured 3703 signers to the Band of Mercy pledge.

We regret that space is not available for an adequate report of the first annual junior humane convention, held in Youngstown, June 1, — so far as we know the first of the kind ever held anywhere. Twenty-three school buildings were represented, and 135 delegates and visitors were present. Accounts were given of work done in the various schools, and many entertainment features were introduced. A permanent association was formed, with Mrs. Bulla as chairman, and a junior humane agent authorized.

HUMANE ESSAYS BY CHILDREN

DURING the past spring the Louisiana State S. P. C. A. instituted an essay contest for prizes among the children of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth grades of the fifty-nine schools in that city.

Three thousand compositions, none less than 300 words in length and all on the subject of "Kindness to Animals," were submitted. On May 25, fifty-nine medals, representing as many schools, were awarded. The prizes included a gold and a silver medal offered by Mr. Samuel W. Weis of the S. P. C. A. to the writers of the two best essays. The first was won by Stella Garic, aged 10, and the second by Henry Weinstein, aged 11. The contest aroused among the children keen interest in the subject of treatment of animals.

WHAT A PRESIDENT CAN DO

MRS. JENNIE WELLER, president of the Humane Society in Tampa, Florida, who is constantly organizing Bands of Mercy, during last season addressed 195 teachers and supervisors in special sessions, gave 150 short talks to children in class-rooms, and distributed over 3000 pieces of humane literature to teachers and pupils. A recent issue of the *Sunday Tribune* of Tampa gives over a page to the prize-winning essays by pupils of the public schools, publishing not only the essays but portraits of several of the winners. Books published by the American Humane Education Society and annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* were given by the local Society as prizes to the winners.

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

THE large auditorium in the High School at Mason City, Iowa, was crowded to overflowing, May 19, at the fifteenth anniversary of the Band of Mercy of that city. This is one of the largest organizations of the kind in the world. A program of music, humane talks, recitations, and addresses was followed by the awarding of gold and silver medals to children in the five upper grammar grades in eight of the city schools.

NEARLY nine thousand girls and boys of various denominations in Edmonton, Alberta, are now enrolled as members of the Free Band of Mercy. They are looking forward to a prize essay contest after the schools open in September.

HUMANITY AND ANIMAL LOVERS IN WAR TIME

BY EDW. FOX SAINSBURY

PESSIMISTS have prophesied that civilization and the noble virtues it teaches would suffer eclipse during this dreadful and savage war. Noble races do not become savages because they are killing and being killed; they suffer, but endeavor to keep their peace ideals.

Incidents are constantly happening which make one's heart rejoice that nothing is changed in the chivalric nature of a great nation fighting for a cause it deems just and holy. Noble deeds show us that civilization and human love are no idle words even in the midst of the clash of war.

It may be said that France concerned herself more with humanity than with the humbler of God's creatures. It is true that the ardent love of Frenchmen and women for their fellow-men and women was more marked than their solicitude for animals, yet of late years more and more attention has been given to the campaign against cruelty in all its forms and we believe today France can claim a very distinguished place in the world's fight against those who are regardless of animal suffering.

The Paris "Société Protectrice des Animaux" has been very active in these sad days of war. Hospitals for injured horses have been in full swing in the rear of the fighting line, and both men and women have devoted their time and energies to the poor innocent victims of war.

This year's recompenses and medals for signal acts of kindness to animals were distributed at the Trocadero in Paris; never before was the attendance of the public so great; the function was more than usually brilliant and enthusiastic.

Madame Seraine, one of the ablest of modern French writers, gave away the prizes, many of which fell to the brave fellows at the front who were given special leave so as to be present at the ceremony. Generalissimo Joffre always takes every opportunity he can find to give his men pleasure. Great general though he be, he is the kindest of men—no wonder his men love him. He expressed great delight when he heard the warm reception given to those who had won honors. Madame Seraine dwelt on the affectionate care given to horses both at the front and in the Blue Cross hospitals. Rounds of applause were then given for the rough war-worn heroes who modestly received their rewards.

Madame Seraine said the heroes of France have tender hearts and their love for their animal companions has so often been a solace to them. President Poincaré's prize was awarded to Abbé Lemaire. The prize of the Minister of Agriculture was awarded to Deton, one of the hostages taken by the Germans, who, notwithstanding his grief, took with him a stray Belgian dog into captivity.

An aviator, Marcel Thirouin, when Serbia was invaded, saved and took with him on his machine a child whose whole family had been murdered. He also took the dog guarding the child. Flock (the dog's name) and the child were both present. When a "Collar of Honor" was given to Flock the audience sent up cheer after cheer.

Another dog hero was awarded a "Collar of Honor." He had saved his master, Sergeant Robincourts, of the First Zouaves, who had been buried through an explosion at the front. The dog dug and dug till he found his master. Yet two other dogs, Loustic and Pyrame, "who rendered precious services to their masters," were awarded medals.

PEGGY

BY FRANCES J. YATES

JUST a small livery mare,
White-stockinged bay;
Battered and travel-worn,
Far spent her day.

Dawn to the fall of eve,
All her life through,
Hard ridden and hard driven,
Rest seasons few.

Winter or summer-time,
Sunshine or rain,
Beaten by thoughtless boys,
Hard-handed men.

Out starting, knowing not
What comes by night,
Touch on reins guiding her
Heavy or light.

Up hills and down the dales
Feet clattering swift,
Of the far rolling miles
Making short shrift.

Lost shoe, or harness gall,
Stone-bruised feet,—
Hard though her weary way,
Peggy keeps sweet.

Some horses vicious grow
From livery life,—
Snapping teeth, rolling eyes,
Bad tempers rife;

Soured by lack of care,
Stiffened by rain,
Thirsting for water and
Hungry for grain;

Shivering unblanketed
In the cold wind,
Mouths lacerated by
Drivers unkind.

Not so with Peggy brare,
She meets ev'ry test,
Brave hearted optimist,
Giving her best.

Ears pricking forward,
Eyes steadfast set;
On the day's journey each
Need must be met.

Old age creeps over her,
Steals unawares;
God knows her ending! but—
Surely God cares!

HIS REASON

COULD anything better illustrate the point of self-sacrifice than the following anecdote?

One scorching day, when his comrades were nearly prostrated, he was seen carrying his own gun and another man's, two cartridge belts, two knapsacks, and a dog. The colonel stopped him.

"Look here, you marched all yesterday and you fought all last night," the colonel said.

"Yes, sir," said the young soldier, respectfully.

"Well, then, what are you carrying that dog for?"

"Because, colonel," said the soldier, "the dog's tired."



TO ERECT FOUNTAINS FOR ANIMALS, WHEREVER NEEDED, IS ONE OF THE BEST OF CHARITIES

A WOMAN DOG CATCHER

CATCHING and caring for the dogs and cats of Milwaukee has been the self-imposed and faithfully executed task of Miss Leonore Cawker of that city, for the past ten years. No high salaried official, no zealous or untiring officer or agent of the humane society ever pursued the humble occupation of dog catcher more devotedly or with more satisfactory results than has Miss Cawker. With her it has been a labor of love. Adequate recompense, encouragement and even appreciation have been long deferred. It is only within a few weeks that the city has decided to appropriate the sum of \$1200 as the salary of its efficient woman dog catcher, who has been expending \$3000 of her own means each year for the city's homeless dogs and cats.

Miss Cawker is a director of the Wisconsin Humane Society. She believes in the humane destruction of the stray mongrel and the vagrant feline. She has given over her large, sanitary, stone stables to be used in her work of rescue. Well-ventilated and comfortable kennels occupy the basement and a special room has been provided for asphyxiating the undesirable and the incurably sick and injured.

The extent of the work done by Miss Cawker and the men in her employ is perhaps best indicated by the fact that 3000 dogs alone were humanely disposed of last year. And during the coming year, as some evidence of its recognition and appreciation of her valuable services, the city will compensate her to the extent of paying less than half what it costs to carry on this practical and humane enterprise.

AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION

SOME thoughtful reader of the *Northampton Gazette* writes that journal: "I would like to see more trees set out in front of the freight depot where the horses have to stand for hours in the hot sun." In and about freight yards space, as a rule, must be carefully considered, but there must be many towns and cities where horses have to wait, and where space is not limited. How fine a thing for the individual to obtain permission to plant and care for here and there a tree to be for future shade!

F.H.R.

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS

THE Massachusetts Highway Safety League reports for 1915, 10,906 accidents, as against 7961 in 1914; 294 killed in 1915, as compared with 229 in 1914. When one learns that there were 10,906 accidents last year, and 6522 people guilty of operating unlawfully, he scarcely wonders at ten thousand accidents. The law abiding citizen is seldom a menace to the community. Two hundred and eighty-eight were guilty of operating while intoxicated, yet only 52 persons were sentenced to imprisonment. There should have been, in our judgment, 288 so sentenced. A few more reckless chauffeurs, a few more drunken operators, punished according to their deserts, and there would be fewer accidents.

F.H.R.

OUR COLORED TROOPS

THE *Boston Post* pays the following fine tribute to the colored soldiers of our army at Carrizal: "The Negro troopers of the Tenth United States Cavalry sustained the fine reputation men of their color long since won as fighters of stout heart and superb bravery. As at Fort Wagner and San Juan Hill, these men of dark skins proved that their allegiance is of the kind that they are willing to seal with their blood."

"The Negro is a good American; he is a lover of his country, and when trained in the service of that country he is willing to give and does give that 'last full measure of devotion' that the emancipator of his race immortalized on the field of Gettysburg."

If the United States government can demand of its colored citizens, and receive, this "last full measure of devotion," why is it not bound to guarantee them the rights of citizens? How can it permit them to be tortured, hanged, burnt at the stake, and never, as a government, hasten to punish such a crime? No plea of being stopped by the barrier of "state rights," is valid. If my country can demand my service in defence of its flag even to death itself, it is bound by every law of right and justice to see that my citizenship under that flag is not a mockery and a farce, "state rights" or no "state rights."

F.H.R.

SHORT ARTICLES, PLEASE

WILL contributors and would-be contributors to *Our Dumb Animals* kindly bear in mind that we do not wish to consider manuscripts of more than 1200 words, and that our great need, now and always, is for very short prose articles, say from 200 to 600 words only? Despite the fact that our editorial notice each month contains the statement about not more than 1200 words, we are constantly receiving offerings of manuscripts that run to 2000 words, and sometimes even to book proportions. We do not wish continued stories or book manuscripts, but short, snappy anecdotes, such as you as a reader take time to read in preference to longer articles.

A PROTEST AGAINST MILITARY TRAINING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SUPERINTENDENT of Public Instruction, Nathan C. Schaeffer of Pennsylvania, addressed this letter to superintendents, principals and teachers, Feb. 10, 1916:

In view of the fact that legislation is pending in the United States Senate more drastic than the militarism of the countries now at war, I take the liberty of sending you some literature on the introduction of military drill into our schools and colleges. Senate Bill 1695, introduced by Senator Chamberlain, of California, provides that all persons between twelve and twenty-three years, inclusive, must submit to military drill under penalties ranging from twenty-five to five hundred dollars, and twenty days' imprisonment. It makes an exception in favor of members of well-recognized religious organizations whose creed forbids participation in war; but no protection is afforded to the thousands of others or their parents who are conscientiously opposed to military drill and training for killing.

In Australia military drill becomes obligatory at the age of fourteen, and in New Zealand at the age of sixteen. In these countries thousands of boys have been thrown into military prisons, where they came in contact with undesirable characters and without any of the safeguards which the home throws around its children. After her defeat in the war of 1870-1871, France introduced military drill into the schools. More than two decades ago this was dropped from the curriculum, and the uniforms and other expensive accoutrements were sold at auction. That this was not a mistake is evident from the account which the French soldiers are giving of themselves in the trenches.

Germany has relied upon gymnastics in the schools to develop the strength and endurance which the soldier needs. Dr. Angerstein, a high authority in army circles, pronounces it a physiological crime to introduce military drill into the schools.

Since gymnastic drills and other exercises are employed to counteract the one-sided physical development which drill with guns produces, the inference is sometimes drawn that gymnastics and military drill are synonymous terms. Did any one ever claim that dancing is military drill because it is used as part of the setting-up exercises in some military schools? It is possible to introduce and maintain a rational system of physical education without the drill with guns.

A company of one hundred soldiers requires thirteen commissioned and non-commissioned officers; a regiment requires 130 officers, and a million soldiers require 130,000 officers.

Since there are more than twelve million persons in the United States between the ages

of twelve and twenty-three, the proposed legislation would give us more than one and a half million military officers in a country devoted to the arts of peace. Who can foretell the ultimate effects of such a policy or system after it has been fastened upon the youth of our land?

From Resolutions adopted at the Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Arbitration and Peace Society, held in Philadelphia, January 24, 1916:

Military Training is not conducive to the best physical development of school boys. It is contrary to the practice and experience of the skilled leaders in physical education. This idea is summed up in the words of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, former President of Harvard University: "Military drill seems to me one of the poorest forms of bodily exercise; very inferior to most gymnastic exercises and to all free sports. There is too much routine and automatic action in it and too much repression of individual freedom. The only good part of it is the 'setting-up drill,' which can easily be made a gymnastic exercise without military accompaniments." . . . Dean Russell of Teacher's College, Columbia University, has recently expressed similar views in condemning military training for school boys, and Dr. Sargent of Harvard is equally emphatic.

None of the great European countries at present engaged in warfare, committed as they are to militarism, is practising military training for its boys in the schools. Such a system was tried temporarily some time ago in both England and France, but was given up on account of its uselessness and futility.

The development of a system of military training would entail great expense to no good purpose, interfere with the good working of the schools by introducing into the school system men out of touch with educational ideals and practices and would introduce grave dangers in the form of militarism and a radical change in our national ideals.

"How about the physical benefits to be derived from the drill?"

"In Boston the effect of school drill has been to make boys round-shouldered and narrow chested. I never saw a school company well set up in my life. Except a few of the larger ones the boys are overweighted by the musket they are obliged to carry."

"The modern drill regulations are by no means adapted for work in schools under any circumstances. They need a man's brains and muscles. Every time I tell the truth about the matter I generally raise a storm from persons illy informed upon the subject, and from the boys, whose self-conceit, engendered by this drill, should be one of the greatest arguments against its further practice."

COL. THOMAS F. EDMANDS

John H. Finley, president of the University of the State of New York and State Commissioner of Education, says: "Military drill in schools would imply a perpetuation of international hatreds and brutish warfare."

John W. Foster, former Secretary of State, Washington, D. C., says: "The natural tendency of the youth of our country to military exercises is great enough already, and it is cruel to stimulate in them the art of killing their fellow-men."

John Dewey of Columbia University says: "It would be a long step backward in the traditions of the American people and of American education to introduce rifle practice into our public schools. . . . It is undemocratic, barbaric and scholastically wholly unwise."



A PEACE-LOVING CHILD OF THE FOREST

FEATURES OF ANNUAL CONVENTION

THE fortieth annual meeting of The American Humane Association, in Cincinnati, October 16-19, 1916, promises some new and valuable features. Among these will be the schools of methods which are to be conducted in both the children's and animals' sections. Experts will outline the most approved methods of conducting anti-cruelty work. Their talks will be followed by general debates. The big public mass meeting for school children is bound to prove an inspiration to all who attend. Special humane films are being prepared for this occasion.

On Thursday, the last evening, there will be a humane education institute for school teachers, and also a showing of humane educational motion picture films. Anyone desirous of keeping abreast of the progress in humane education can not afford to miss either the children's or the teachers' evening.

On Monday evening the local committee will give a reception and musical to the delegates, to be followed by the regular "open forum" for children. A subscription dinner has been arranged for Wednesday evening, previous to the open forum for animals. These two social events will aid in making the delegates better acquainted.

The sessions will begin on Monday morning, October 16, and close on Thursday evening. The first two days will be devoted to children's work and the last two days to animal protection.

Thursday afternoon will be set apart for the Red Star Animal Relief which is to do for horses in war what the Red Cross does for the soldiers. Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons will be set apart for sight seeing.

Splendid arrangements have been made for the accommodations of the delegates. From early forecasts the fortieth annual meeting should be the finest ever held by the Association.

NO ANIMAL PERFORMERS

FROM the *New York Telegram* we republish this account of one theater manager who has convictions in regard to cruelty to animals, and who has the courage to stand by them. We congratulate Manager Robinson of the New Brighton (New York) Theater, and commend his action in this matter to other managers throughout the country. If they all would decide as has Mr. Robinson, animal performances on the stage would be stopped:

Animal acts will no longer occupy a place on the bills of the New Brighton Theater and trainers of horses, ponies, cats, dogs and birds will henceforth be compelled to seek other quarters in which to display their power over the dumb beast.

Having the courage of his own convictions Manager George Robinson issued an edict to that effect last week after cancelling all animal acts which his booking representative had engaged for the seaside resort. Mr. Robinson has long been identified with a society for the protection of dumb animals, and it is a well known fact that his love for them has been the cause of more than one controversy with trainers. A recent infraction of one of his rules regulating the treatment of animals while appearing at the New Brighton brought about the decision that only actors of the human species, who can fight their own battles, shall hereafter entertain his audiences.

MAN imagines himself to be the dominant power on the earth. He is nothing of the sort. The true lords of the universe are the insects. The number of insect species is greater by far than that of the species of all other living creatures combined.

JAMES BUCKLAND



"FLOSSIE" AND HER SONS, "GRAY" AND "BILL"
An unusually intelligent cat family owned by E. Ellsworth Claspby,
Lewistown, Pennsylvania

PRUDY

BY AGNES WILLIAMS TAYLOR

THIS little story sounds almost incredible, but it really happened, as I well recall. It was just after dinner one night. A really fearful storm was raging, and all of us were gathered in the library. Outside the rain poured in torrents while the thunder roared. All of a sudden there was a loud peal of the door-bell. We had mental pictures of some friend, in distress, caught in the storm, and several of us hurried to the door.

At first there was nothing to be seen, but a flash of lightning revealed a tiny kitten clinging to the door-bell, mewing with all her might. The poor little creature was drenched to the skin. Amid exclamations of surprise we brought her in. The others would hardly believe our story at first, and we were not surprised at their incredulity.

You may be sure it didn't take very long to dry the little thing and heat milk for her. Prudy, for that was her name, was a fat little kitten and became a great pet of all the family. She was quite a famous character in our home.



A MINNESOTA POSE

SEASONABLE ADVICE ABOUT CATS

IN order to afford free access to and from a room or house for a cat, it is a good plan to provide a hole in a window, door or wall and cover it with a cloth suspended from the top to keep out flies as well as to stop draughts; if a cat is put through this hole a few times it will learn to find its way through it at will.

That cats may not become too numerous it is better to drown the kittens, or all but one of every litter born, instead of letting them grow up to starve or be killed by dogs or be turned out in some strange neighborhood, as some folks are wont to do with them. This seems to be the first and most necessary fact to bring home to people who want to help with regard to the problem of too many cats.

Plenty of water should be always accessible for cats, in fact, this is one of the first and greatest requirements of all domestic animals, especially in the hot summer months.

A cat's coat of fur may be kept shiny and handsome by brushing it with an old clothes brush kept for the purpose. The cat becomes very fond of this brushing if it is not done roughly; it is a "modern improvement" that beats a cat's tongue "all hollow" for making the fur smooth and glossy.

The lost and forsaken cats whom we constantly come across present the greatest difficulty. Our own cats we feel we can do our duty by, but what about these others?

When leaving home in the summer do not forget to make some provision for your cat. Either take her with you, or find a neighbor or friend who will take care of her for you, but if this is impossible be humane enough to see that her life is taken in as painless a manner to her as can be.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals publishes several leaflets on the care of cats. Copies will be sent to any address upon request, if stamp is enclosed.

NATURE'S TRUE LOVER

BY JARED BARHITE

HE who truly loves all Nature —
Loves her for herself alone —
Though he dwell in hut or palace,
Though he sit on stool or throne,
Has a flame within him burning,
Kindled by Almighty God,
That will link him to all creatures
In a happy brotherhood.



HAPPY CHILDREN AND THEIR PLAYMATES



"THE LITTLE FRIEND OF ALL THE WORLD"

The Band of Mercy

Founders of American Band of Mercy

GEO. T. ANGELL AND REV. THOS. TIMMINS

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT } *State Organizers*

L. H. GUYOL }

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and seventy-three new Bands of Mercy were reported in June, of which 100 were in schools of Massachusetts; 79 in schools of Rhode Island; 52 in Maine; 39 in schools of Florida; 34 in schools of Ohio; 28 in schools of Maryland; 15 in schools of Virginia; 14 in Georgia; 9 in schools of Connecticut; and one each in New Hampshire, Vermont and California.

Schools in Massachusetts

Lowell: Washington, 10; Lexington Ave., West London St.; London St., 2; Weed St., 3; Dover St., 4; Pine St., 3; Middlesex Village, 3; Eliot, 4; Grand St., 2; Howard St., Charles W. Morey, 13.
Lynn: Sacred Heart, 9; St. Joseph's, 14.
Swampscott: Hadley, 15; Clarke, 8; Machon, 4; Palmer, 2.
Rowe: West.

Portland, Maine: Clifford School, 14; North School, 30; Cariaus; Mullin; Chase; Kimball; Rubinoff; Israelson; Anderson.
Rockland, Maine: Friendly.
Manchester, New Hampshire: Amoskeag.
Union Village, Vermont: Golden Glen.

Schools in Rhode Island

Cumberland: Arnold's Mills; Diamond Hill; Grant; Ballou.
East Greenwich: Shippeetown; Library; Frenchtown; Tibbitts.
Hopkinton: High, 7; Hopkinton.
Johnston: Graniteville, 3.
Providence: Ralph St., 9; Regent Ave., 11; River Ave., 5; Mount Pleasant Ave. 7; Covell St., 4.

Westerly: Park Ave., 4; High, 4; Pleasant St., 9; Chestnut St. Primary, 2; Bradford, 3; White Rock, 2.

Schools in Connecticut

Canton: Canton St.
Collinsville: Collinsville, 8.

Schools in Maryland

Annapolis: Grammar, 8.
Forestville: Forestville, 2.
Gaithersburgh: Gaithersburgh, 8.
Laurel: Willis; Laurel No. 1, 4.
Leonard Town: Leonard Town, 2.
Marlboro District: Petuxent.
Upper Marlboro: Upper Marlboro, 2.

Schools in Virginia

Fairfax Courthouse: Fairfax Courthouse, 3.
Richmond: More Annex, 2; Armstrong High, 10.

Americus, Georgia: Public Grammar School, 4; Public Schools, 7; Masonic Orphan Home.
Columbus, Georgia: St. Paul; Nettie Avertt.

Schools in Florida

Tampa: Public Schools, 33.
West Tampa: Public Schools, 6.

Schools in Ohio

Youngstown: McKinley, 3; Garfield, 5; Lincoln, 11; Roosevelt, 10; McGuffey; Pine Hollow, 2; South Ave., 2.

Los Angeles, California: Free Seventh Day Adventist Church.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 102,456.

LOVE'S MANIFESTATION—THE BABY BEAR AND THE BABY DEER

LUCY A. ROSE MALLORY in *The Open Door*

IT is quite remarkable what one can teach an animal to do if one loves it and is always kind. I once had a baby grizzly bear given to me by a man who had murdered its mother, and the mother was murdered trying to protect her baby. The man had stolen the baby when the mother was away, but the mother bear returned before the man got away with it; she tried to take her baby away from him, and she tore his flesh terribly before he murdered her.

This baby bear was only a few days old when the man came with it in his arms and gave it to me, saying: "I have brought something for you to play with." The moment I took this baby in my arms it loved me. It nestled up to me and licked my face and hands, and made all the demonstration of affection it knew how to make.

I fed it milk from a bottle, and it would take it in its little paws and sit on its haunches, and

put it in its mouth and drink it—then beg for more. It lived on milk and bread until the acorns came, and if it could get these it would eat them all the time, and it got very fat on this diet. One day I had some honey and put it down where the baby bear found it, and ate it all up and begged for more. I had taught it to pick up chips and put them in a basket, and it loved to go with me and help; it did not like to go without me, but if I would say, "Go get your basket of chips and I will give you some honey," it would run and pick up its little basket with its mouth, go and fill it with chips, and put it down by me. Then it would demand honey, and it always got it.

I also had a pet fawn that a man found with the mother deer he had murdered when he was out hunting. This fawn and baby bear always went with me everywhere, except when I went to "preaching"—this is what we used to call it when the minister came around once in every six weeks.

When I was going on a long walk I always had a rope around the fawn's neck and led it, because I was afraid it would get lost.

The fawn and the little bear always stayed together in the same little barn at night, so that they were great friends, and they would play together like little dogs. One Sunday when there was preaching I put the baby bear in the barn with the fawn, so they would not follow me to church; but before the minister had finished his sermon, in walked the bear and the fawn. The bear had one end of the little rope that I kept around the fawn's neck in its mouth, and it led the fawn up to me, let go of the rope, and sat down happy.

It created quite a commotion, and I was greatly mortified, because I thought that the preacher and congregation would feel insulted, but they were all pleased and made much of the babies.

When they had grown beyond babyhood I let them wander as they pleased, and one day their dead bodies were brought to the door by two travelers who had murdered them, thinking they were wild. They were very sorry when they witnessed my grief and tried everything to comfort me. They were considerate enough to dig them a grave and bury them side by side.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

INDIAN CHILDREN AND ANIMALS

BY ALICE JEAN CLEATOR

ANIMALS have a great attraction for Indian boys and girls, although, I regret to say, they are not always kind to them. However, they have an affectionate disposition and easily respond to humane teaching.

"Our Indian boys seem especially fond of squirrels," said a reservation teacher to me. "They often bring them from the woods in their pockets to school. They seem to understand all the 'Kerchucks' of squirrel dialect. The boys have even been caught cutting a hole in their dormitory floors where they could place their strange pets, such as gophers, snakes and owls. Owls seem to be a close 'second' to the squirrels in the regard of Indian children.

"The statement of Wm. J. Long, the nature writer, is certainly correct that the Indian boys, knowing the squirrels seldom jump from a high distance unless they must, love to strike the trunk of a tree to see the squirrels make their downward leap.

"I cannot account for the fact that Indian boys seem to dislike cats. They would tease and even torture a cat if they had the chance. It takes some correcting to show them that 'poor pussy' is as much entitled to kindness as any other animal. When the fact is impressed upon them that cats are of great value in catching rats and mice, they soon gain quite a reverence for them."

Some teachers have told me that they object to encouraging anything in the children's play which cherishes the instincts of the wild life of their ancestors, but this is not so in all schools. On some of the play-grounds you will see the little "tepees" which the Indian boys and girls are so clever at constructing, even with a few rude sticks and an old shawl. With a few quick motions a tepee, with flap thrown back for doorway, is made before one scarcely has time to wonder how it was done.

In studying the Indian boys and girls one is reminded of the words of Longfellow in "Hiawatha":

*"Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets;
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them where'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's chickens.'
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets;
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbits were so timid."*

"Be kind to animals" is a good motto for all boys and girls



BUTTERFLY IN THE RAIN

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON

BUTTERFLY, Butterfly, gaily you soar
When the sun shines, and the song-birds are calling;
But what do you do when the stormy winds roar,
And out of gray clouds chilly raindrops are falling?

"Oh, I care not a bit, little boy, little girl,
For wind or for rain, or for lightning or thunder,
For when the drops splash, and the world seems awlirl,
I seek a big sheltering leaf, and creep under.

"I fold up my wings 'neath that pretty green tent,
And cling with my six little feet, oh, so tightly!
And there I stay, safe, till the storm is all spent,
Then off in the sunshine again I flit lightly."

TENNYSON AND THE PONY

IT is said that Tennyson once arrived at a station carrying a heavy parcel of books; and as his own carriage had not arrived to meet him, he was glad to accept the offer of a lift home.

Going up the steep hills, Tennyson suggested that the two men and the books were too heavy for the pony to drag. So he and the driver got out and walked for some distance in front of the trap, until they saw that the books had dropped out.

The owner of the pony asked Tennyson to stand at the animal's head while he went back for the books. These he found a hundred yards or more down the hill, and on his return he found the pony had been restive, but had quickly become quiet.

Knowing that it disliked strangers, he wondered how Tennyson had kept it quiet. What was his surprise to learn that the poet had managed the affair by holding a watch close to the animal's ear!



A GLOUCESTER MISS AND HER DOG

PEACE

A prize poem by WILLIAM H. DUNPHY, sixteen years of age, a pupil of the Boston Latin School.

LAST night, as tossing in my bed I lay,
A vision strange, a dream, appeared to me;
I rose and followed the dark paths of war,
Perceived such sights, such deeds of hellishness,
As gladly from my mind I would erase,
And only deepest anguish memory
Recalls to those dread spots of wretchedness.

I stood upon a field of deadly strife,
The countless hosts their endless lines arrayed,
Then moved they forward, each against the foe,
And rushed like tigers thirsting for their prey.
The loud artillery ploughed the field with dead,
The men were hid in dust and blackened smoke;
For many an hour the bloody conflict raged.
I heard the victor shout, the vanquished cry,
I saw the sabre's flash, the bayonet's gleam,
The shot of pistol, roar of gun was heard.
In many a charge, the foeman slaughtered foe.
And human blood flowed thick and rapidly
As the swift brook that down the mountain pours.
At last the battle ended, dust and smoke
Sank down again upon that field of gore;
The ground was strewn with corpses, man and horse
In common carnage lay, a piteous sight,
And shrieks of wounded sounded through that night.
Oh God! that man in thine own image made
Should seek his brother's blood with fiendish zeal
And stain his priceless soul with deeds like these!
Is this the way he shows his love of Thee?

Nor yet was that, my dreadful journey done;
Still followed I the wasteful tracks of war.
I found myself in cities, one time great,
Proud in their palaces, their steeples high,
Their works of art and splendid libraries.
Alas! Had they in this pride been content,
Still might their ancient glory brighter glow,
But pride in warlike strength their ruin proved,
Their former glory now was turned to shame,
Their lofty buildings now in ashes lay,
Their wealth to poverty and want had changed.
The tracks of famine and disease I saw,
War's pestilence with dead had heaped their streets.
Most bitter anguish everywhere was seen.
The mother's heartaches for her long-lost sons,
The widow's tears for husband long since slain,
The sister's grief, the orphan's mournful wails,
Such sorrow was the cursed fruit of War.

I woke in horror, such infernal sights
Had filled my soul with dread, but lying back,
I once more entered the sweet realm of Sleep.
But now my dream was changed, no more I stood
Amid the turmoil and the din of strife.
Fierce Wars forever from this earth had gone,
Triumphal Peace with justice ruled the world.
Fair Peace, most steadfast friend to nations, thou,
Afjar thou scatterest with a generous hand
The choicest blessings which this wide world gives,
And heal'st the wounds of war, the griefs of man.
Oh, Peace! How sweet! No longer warring hordes
Ravaged and burned an erstwhile prosperous land,
But now the farmer, happy in his toil,
In peaceful quiet reaped the ripening grain,
Great golden fields the season's work repaid
And plentiful harvests cheered his happy home.
I marked the joyous, glad some cottages,
Once more rejoiced by presence of dear sons,
And prosperous cities, towering to the skies,
Rich in the fruits of trade, of worthy toil,
No more harrassed by wars and wretched strife.
And then I spied the men of courage true;
Heroes of Peace and workers for mankind,—
The man of science, seeking day and night,
To add to human knowledge, human joy;
The writer, toiling o'er his many books
In search of wisdom to uplift the world;
The lawyer, laboring in the cause of Right,
Nor turning from her paths for selfish gain;
The brave physician daily risking life
To save life, and to cure all suffering,—
Such men as these, the honored sons of Peace,
Men who with broadened minds and open souls
Labor incessantly for man's enlightenment,

And by their never-ceasing toil and care
Add to the sum of human happiness,
Not to the sum of wretchedness and death.
I saw the peoples great, who never more
Would arm to harm each other, struggling now,
In friendly rivalry, to out-surpass
The others in their benefits toward man.
The whole world shone for me in light divine,
It was the reign of Paradise on earth,
The happy days of Eden come again,
It was at last the rule of Christ o'er man.

I woke again, this time in joy serene,
The vision seemed to me a sign divine,
An omen of a coming, happier time,
When man should live in peace with other men
And never more should lift a hand of hate
Against his brother, but would truly sing
That blessed, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

TO those who will wisely distribute them we will send free cards, about the size of a postal, reading as follows:

To the Lady of the House:

Please order all your supplies for the day in one order early in the morning. One daily trip to your door—should it not be enough? Two trips wear me out twice as fast.

Telephoning in an extra order doubles the work for the sales-clerk and bookkeeper as well as for the driver and horse. This adds to the cost of all you buy.

Hurry-up orders mean the whip for me.

Please think of those who serve you, both people and horses.

Your obedient servant,

The Delivery Horse.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR JUNE, 1916

Requests of \$500 from Miss A. M. B. of Boston and \$1515 from Miss H. C. of Boston.

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Interest, \$411.27.

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Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of the annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals. The Societies solicit correspondence and will be glad to furnish all further details.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell in 1868

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